A

POEM

ON THE

Italian Woman

Lately come into *ENGLAND*;

Who Sings at the MUSICK-HOUSE in *YORK-BUILDINGS.*

WHat elevating Notes are theſe I hear!
A Voice! or is't the Muſick of the (Sphere?

A Charm unuſual the rapt Thought does bind;
Thought ever till this Moment unconfind;
Yet happier now in the Reſtraint is found:
So wiſely knows this Charmer how to wound.

Sleep All ye Inſtruments, the trembling Lute,
The chearful Hoboy, and ſoft-ſounding Flute:
The Trumpet too and Viol now be ſtill,
Tho' both ſo well betray their Maſter's Skill,
That This can ſpeak, and That's no longer ſhrill,

Something Sublimer now, and more refin'd
Than theſe, ſtrikes the glad Senſe, and wings the (Mind;
Pleaſures unknown before it does impart,
That warm the Spirits and diſſolve the Heart.
Methink's the Air's Perfum'd, while all around
The little Atoms fly to catch the ſound.
Sure the charm'd Soul anticipates her Bliſs,
For ne'er was heard below a Strain like this.
'Tis then the Language of ſome pitying Saint,
Who with the Joys of Heav'n does Earth acquaint.
(How bleſt are we! Alive to taſte of Heav'n,
Which is not before Death to others giv'n!)

The raviſh'd World lends an Attentive Ear,
Wou'd never ſpeak, ſo it might always hear.
Not ſofteſt Whiſpers interrupt their Bliſs;
All talk is out of tune and time but This.
Applauſe it ſelf's ſuſpended; for 'twou'd wrong
The liſtning Ear, and dies upon the Tongue:
And that minuteſt Noiſe may have no part,
Time is not beaten with the Hand but Heart.

Thus without mixture to the Senſe it flies;
And every Note's a ſtab before it dies.

See, ſee th' Effect 't has wrought, how All appear
So much like that (alas) which once they were,
All Tender, Innocent, Serene, and Mild
As ſleeping Seas, or the rock'd happy Child.

How gentle are the Thoughts which it inſpires?
What inward Bleedings, languiſhing Deſires?
The cruel Nymph who never yet did give
Her dying Swain one Look to bid him live;
All ſoftn'd now by the prevailing Sound,
She ſighs, and pants, inſenſibly grows kind,
And meeting his fond Eye, ſhe looks it blind.

But hold: A gentle Pauſe; the Sacred Hymn
Is done; and ſee where ſtands the ſweet-tongu'd (SERAPHIN.

How well is all our Expectation paid:
This is that dear inchanting *Latian* Maid
We all ſo wiſh'd for, Miſtreſs to controul
Our Diſcord, and new-tune the Soul.

Welcome, thrice welcome, pretty *Chanticleer*,
That doſt ſo ſweetly uſher in the Year:
Tho' methought all the while I heard Thee ſing,
It was not Winter with us, but the Spring.

Here, PHOENIX, build thy Neſt; but ever live,
For we'll not truſt thy Aſhes to revive.

FINIS.

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